
The Liberalist

Life's Meaning

These things make life worth while to me:
A sunset sky, a maple tree,
A mountain standing grim and gray
Against the sky line far away;
A baby's laugh, a summer breeze,
A roadway winding 'neath the trees;
A friend to trust, a book to read,
And work which meets some human need.
And through it all, a sense of God
Lifting my soul above the sod,
The hope and peace which He can give—
These made it worth my while to live.

—Alice A. Burgess.

Published monthly by

The Peoples Church

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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley Editor

Grace Thayer Bradley Associate Editor

Volume X

Chicago, Ill., June, 1933

Number 3

SOCIUS

Dedicated to Tom Cannon
Answer to Hernitocracy

I don't want to live in a tar-paper shack
But in a house that is built nicely and square
Where people may bring all their sorrow and woe
And find sympathy and helpfulness there.

I don't want a dog that is boney and rough
Nor a book that is worn-out and spoiled
And I don't want to look like a tramp or a bo
In clothes that are ragged and soiled.

I would like to live by a bubbling brook
Where the trees grow majestic and grand
Where the mountains are high and the sunshine is bright
And where everybody is honest and tanned.

It is nice to write poems about shabby old coats
And other things that are simply pathetic
But life with its shadows—its pleasure and grief
Demands things that are more than poetic.

And so let me live where the best is the worst
In the place where I'm longing to be—
For I know that the best is none too good
For my God—my sleek little doggie and me.

—Mrs. James A. Patterson.

MEDITATION

"Infinite and everlasting Love for the simple, homely, unaffected things of life we are grateful today, not for pomp and ceremony, no, just for simple lovely things! We are grateful for a little wild flower of the dusty roadside that nobody loves and that is tramped upon as the parade of life goes by, some little daisy, some little despised dandelion that nobody wants or cares anything about.

Infinite Heart of Love, it is so easy to love beautiful, cultured, splendid flowers. Roses have millions of lovers, orchids that deck the breasts of loveliness, millions of people can love them today. We just crave to be able to appreciate a different kind of loveliness. Just simple-hearted folk without any sham, without any pretense, just humanity.

We want that love for humanity to go beyond the borderline of human kind and love every living thing. We would like to be, for a little while, the voice of those who cannot speak for themselves. We would like to be the voice of every homely thing in the world, every cur, every stray, fighting its way against the odds of life, fighting to be fed, fighting to be housed—life with its warfare. We would take all this of life into our hearts today and shut out the petty, the small, the inferior and the ugly. We would stretch our hands and arms outward to all humanity and to all Nature and we would love everything. May we have that love in our hearts, the love of beauty, of charity and kindness, and for-

bid that any living thing should suffer because of us. May we withhold our kicks, anguish, hates.

O God, no matter what others may say, or what others may think, help us to be the kind of a man that our dog thought we were. Help us to be just as fine, splendid, noble, and as we think of the associations of life and all that makes life beautiful, help us to do all we can for others.

Our dear friends who are so ill today in the hospital, who have written and talked to us and telephoned and who are listening today upon hospital beds, may they be restored in health and body. May every agency that is being used for the restoration of their bodies be blessed by the love and kindness of our heart. May everyone who is embittered, cynical and sour in life find something to be jubilant over, the sky, the trees, the lakes, the streams, the stars, our world, thy world. Help us to love in it and love it and not pollute it or scar or mar it. Help us to treat it as a sacred thing. Help us to treat all life as precious. Help us that all who know us and come in the aura of our personality, as they leave, that they may say, 'Ah, I am better now!'

May the whole world some day find its way out of this blind alley out into the sunlit road that leads on, and on, and on into the face of the sky, friend, neighbor, comrades. O God, what a world, if we only make it so."

"OUTDOOR MINDED PEOPLE"

Sermon By Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church
of Chicago, June 4, 1933

"Not very long ago I heard Lorado Taft in a talk relative to one of the phases of his art, tell a most interesting and striking anecdote which happened to him one summer while he was a guest at a summer home up in the White mountains of New England. Mr. Taft had been doing some work in his art, had been receiving some inspiration for his creativeness, and was coming into the home in the early evening. Working as a domestic in this family was a girl of the neighborhood who had spent all of her life there in the White mountains and whose family had lived there all of their lives. That evening there was a particularly spectacular and somewhat dramatic sunset. The spectacular, the dramatic in art is most readily appreciated by those who are not acquainted or familiar with the real appreciation of art in some of its somber forms. This evening there was a particularly striking sunset, and I never think of that but I think of the infinite variety of Nature. Have you ever stopped to think that of the millions and millions and millions of raindrops that have fallen from out of the sky, there were never two raindrops the same? The generic design of every raindrop is different, and the same is true, too, of a snowflake. And then you think of the millions and millions of sunsets that this old world has had, and in all the millions of these sunsets there have never been two sunsets just alike! The infinite variety of Nature! In the presence of these facts, to me, there is no greater philosophical folly than the philosophical folly of atheism. To stand in the presence of a universe like this and

think of it as self-existent and self-creative is, to my humble way of thinking, the height of folly.

They were standing upon the portico of that summer cottage looking out into the glory of the western sky, seeing how the particles of dust floated with ever-increasing significance into the rays of the sun to paint it with ever-increasing beauty and the little neighbor girl who was a domestic in the home stood watching the panorama, and all at once, under the inspiration which was called to her attention by Mr. Taft, she clapped her hands and said, 'I must go home and get mother!' The lady of the house asked her why she wanted to go home and get her mother. 'I must get mother in order that she may see this sunset,' said the girl. 'Have you never seen a sunset before?' 'O, no, we never saw a sunset until after Mr. Taft came!'

The world is full of people like that about Nature, and that's the reason for art. It is only through the mission of art and the interpreter of Nature and the creative instrumentality of Nature that many of us are privileged to appreciate the depth of the real significance of the out-of-doors. As we go into the literature of the nations of the past and the cultural development of mankind, we are face to face with some very significant and most interesting observations. The most important character for the perpetuity of culture is the artist, the individual who is able to take and so interpret through his creativeness the fundamental reality of Nature, that after he has embellished it with his own genius and tinctured it with the divine

nature of his own personality we are able to see significantly on canvas, or through the beauty of the interpretation of music, or through the artistry of the spoken word, some verification of loveliness, or some secret of beauty that would have been denied us without the artist, and without the interpreter, and it leads me to this general deduction which may be only a partial truth, but I think of sufficient vitality to warrant your consideration, that the real preserver of the very best in civilization is always the artist. Everything else is transitory and finally unimportant.

When we go back across the history of the cultures of the world we discover how significant is the contribution that these have made to our happiness, to our peace and to our program of life. We look out into the field of literature, and what would there be left if we were to take out of literature every reference to the world of Nature? Deplete Shakespeare—and he is perhaps one of the poorest illustrations that I might select in connection with my thesis — take out of Shakespeare all that he has to say and interpret about the field of Nature and the out-of-doors, and the barren brutality of most of his plots, particularly in the tragedies, would be of such a character that they would be unacceptable even as a form of entertainment. Take out of the literature of any culture of the world, German culture, Italian culture, certainly Scandinavian culture, and surely American culture, take out of them all references which the interpreter, inspired by the creative realities of Nature, has brought to the field of literature and you have a denuded, barren, ugly thing that would never survive over three or four generations.

The same is true in the field of art. Supposing we were to take out of art everything in the field of art—I am speaking more par-

ticularly of painting — that was inspired by these elemental realities of the out-of-doors, and what would you have left worth preserving or of sufficient vitality that it could project itself into the future artistic consciousness of the race?

In the field of music as well, what would you have left if you took out of the field of music that creative artistry and artistic interpretation that comes to the sensitive heart of the composer from the flash of a light in the skies, the beauty of a moonlit beam as it flows out of its cold surface through miles of space to be the inspiration of some wounded heart on a moonlit trail? What would Beethoven have done without moonlight for his sonata? What would he have done without the inspiration of Nature for the symphonies? What about those minor harmonies that are superficially discord of Chopin's Nocturnes without the inspiration of the rainy nights of this poetic gentleman who strolled about his little city in Poland beaten by the storm, the storm of the sky and of his heart? It blended together in utter loveliness to give us the weird beauty of the Nocturne.

I could go on with these classifications for the whole time that I shall speak and every one would be a verification of what I have in mind as my thought for you today. You go into some of the basic roots and discover the same to be true.

What about the Greeks? They were fundamentally not lovers, nor did they appreciate the out-of-doors as compared to some peoples of the world, and yet, standing in the presence of the Gothic columns contributed by Greek architecture the folds of the Greek columns and the Doric columns of all classic buildings influenced by the Greek tradition in architecture were all suggested to that early Greek builder by the folds of white snow that the

blizzard laid in desolate loveliness as it swept across the area of his vision, and when he saw the folded columns of drifted snow it suggested to him the beauty of the Greek column. Wherever this architecture is used among the civilized nations of the world, they are indebted beyond expression to the influences of Nature.

Even in our modern form of architecture it finds its most gracious example in the architecture of the present Century of Progress in its evidence of that same treatment on the part of Nature, for in the effort to get away from the curve and conform to the square and the cornice that lack the angular character and following the artistic law absolutely and thoroughly they have achieved a harmony which few people stop to realize. I thought of it the other day when I was in Monroe. I think of it every time I go into a home, particularly and always when that home is surrounded by beautiful trees or gardens or shrubs. I look out of the window—you try this for yourself some time, you who love the out-of-doors. Every window is the frame of a perfect picture. Every square held up to Nature between the vision of the eye and the outline of the square frames a perfect picture, and there is very little, if anything, which the artist ever had to do to that picture to rearrange its compositional importance in order to more properly authenticate it as a work of art. To me, it is most significant that we can square off any background of the out-of-doors and obtain a perfect work of art. And while you could not take out of Greek literature, without permanently impairing it, any of the contributions of the ancient Greeks, still we know that it has been said that with the Greeks the love of Nature was secondary and not primary. We do know Homer and any Greek student will portray for you with such interesting dy-

namics the thunders of the Iliad scenes, or anyone who knows their Greek and Ulysses and the siege of Troy can hear the pounding of the water against the prow of Ulysses' ship as sailing yonder upon the seas he meets that great experience of the Odyssey.

What is true of a secondary love of an ancient Greek is still more significantly true of the ancient Hebrew. There is the place where we find the influence and understanding of Nature transferred over into human values, such as nowhere else in the world. Have you ever thought what would happen to the ancient scriptures if we were to take out of them all out-of-door influences? What would happen to the greatest piece of dramatic literature in the world in any language, namely: The Book of Job? I consider the Book of Job of the Old Testament to be the greatest drama that has ever been written by man. What would happen to the dramatic literature of Job if we were to take out of Job all of the influences of the out-of-doors? The life and personality of that unknown writer we have lost in the obscurity of the centuries. No scholar will tell you who wrote the Book of Job. It is forgotten. His name has been erased, but his work lives and endures.

He was one of the first writers of any civilization to classify the influence of the stars over the soul of man. You remember in that striking sentence, 'Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?' Star dreams of this ancient dramatist!! Do you know, too, that there is mentioned Arcturus, the star whose light was the motivation for the glow and beauty of our Century of Progress? Arcturus' influence was mentioned there in those far off days of Hebrew culture and Hebrew associations. The Hebrew built no buildings;

he was pastoral and nomadic. The Hebrew created no architecture. There is no architecture in the world today of the Hebrew. He was never a scientist in that far-off culture, but the Hebrew touched the very foundation of social and moral value and out of that real fundamental understanding of those social and moral values the mind of man finally found its way to the monotheistic philosophy of life, and it was—let us never forget—from the top of a mountain that a man cried, 'I have found him!' From the mountain peak!

If you go down through the history and culture of the world, you will find that the further removed humanity is from the elemental beauty and moral rectitude of the world of Nature, the more disastrous does he develop in society the falsity that ever results from a superficial, pseudo, dilettante culture, and the softness which comes from the super-refinements of much of our modern civilization found evidences of its moral deterioration in the strange spectacle of moral collapse which has settled down upon the world. Men have found under the softness and ease, the cleverness and the ability to lack the opportunity of penalty, to escape for wrong doing, to go unpunished. This has been the deteriorating effect in the moral fibre of our present civilization. Men may pass the collection plates in their churches on Sunday, and sit before a Senate committee of investigation on Monday and forget that there were great groups who established a preference for certain activities of our financial world, but any man who knows Nature knows this, that the first lesson we can learn from the out-of-doors and the biggest truth that I can bring to you is that the out-of-doors exacts 'her pound of flesh.' You cannot violate a law of Nature without being penalized for it and if men could learn that, in the moral codes of

life, then honor, integrity, honesty, old fashioned virtues would be substituted for the cleverness of lawyers to keep clients inside the law and we would have a different economic and industrial order than prevails today throughout the world. If we could transfer to this softness and ease of life some of the rugged reality of the tree and some of the honesty of sunset and the permanency of the star and we were taught to know and realize that those ancient codes of the pioneers need to be substituted today for many of our codes of morals and many of our ideas of honesty!

What about the characterization of a man when someone says, 'What about him?' and someone else says, 'His word is as good as his bond!' What about him and the characterization of men when we look out into the field of Nature and know that that lake yonder which I love in far off Minnesota, that lake which is a part of my life, and the little rivers I have known, the river of my boyhood where I learned to swim and which I am to see again soon, that little river of my boyhood, lovely, beautiful, star-decked at night on the beauty of its bosom, and in the daylight glorious as it reflected the glory of the silken days—that little river of mine where I learned to swim, but it would drown me, as it nearly did on three occasions, just as quickly as it would let me caress it in boyhood sport. On that lake, upon whose surface I have floated during my hours of rest and recuperation, and which I love with a sentimentalism of which I am not ashamed and for which I make no apology, I have gone across to the other side and before reaching it when the storm broke and was beating against the bow of my boat and menacing waves broke over the gunwale and the storm deepened in intensity, it did not look at me and say, 'You are my friend, you love me, you

are for me.' No, that lake looked at me and said, 'Play this game and play it squarely or I'll drown you!' That's what it said, and that's what Nature is saying to the world now.

We stand on a new frontier! We are again pioneers in America! They have chartered every forest, they have blazed every trail, the old rugged out-of-doors is gone and with its going something went out of the soul of man. Something went out of our muscles, something went out of our blood, something went out of our perspective, and now outdoor minded people are coming back again with an increase of outdoor consciousness, and more Americans will be out-of-doors in some form of play or sport than ever before in the history of the United States. Stream and forest, prairie, roadside, hikers, golfers and fishermen, all are having a rebirth of that fine something that comes into every man's soul who loves the realities of Nature. You have been a house-bred, enslaved plant that has no character, that has no strength. Let us not be indoor minded; let us be outdoor minded. Let us get over being petted and charmed into a solitude that is ruinous from the standpoint of vitality. Let us have a renaissance of the open things, the open spaces, of art and light and Nature, and get the pettiness out of our minds and develop a little more humanity. I am frank to say to you that the most tolerant people have been lovers of the out-of-doors. Every time I meet a 2x4 mind I find it a cloistered mind that sits around the fire or by the stove. It is a mind that wants to be out of the draft, that is always withdrawing into itself, the cloistered mind. But every time you get outdoor minded people you find spaciousness. If I were accused of a criminal act or crime tomorrow and I had anything to do with it when the jury was drawn, the first question I would ask a

man on the jury would be, 'Do you love to fish?' I would not be interested about his religion, whether he was white or black, Roman Catholic or Protestant, I would be willing to trust my life with any man or woman who is fundamentally and ardently a lover of the out-of-doors.

Just as the most selfish individual I have ever known is the individual that hated animals. I judge a person on spiritual personality not by their attitude toward each other, but by their attitude toward other forms of life. A person says to me, 'I hate this and I hate that, and what do you want a dog for, or a canary, parrot, monkey, any of these things for? I would not have them around!' I have never known a person yet that had that attitude but that fundamentally underneath it all, had a streak of selfishness. I have never known a person who hated other forms of life, but that was so wrapped up in their own form that you could count their friends on both hands.

Further, I believe in an out-of-door religion. My Master had one. Do you know that Jesus never gave, except once, an important philosophical truth under a roof? Never but once. Did you know that the Master of Galilee, with one exception, never uttered an imperishable sentence under a roof? He gave his whole message under the sky in the out-of-doors. He was an outdoor minded type of man and he understood Nature, Nature with its cruelty. And yet do you know what Nature does with every scar? Have you ever walked down a deer trail in the woods? Not to shoot, because I do not kill. I am not a hunter, but I love the deer and where I go in the summer I see them come and drink every night. I love the moose and I have seen them feed with their ugly snout under the water reaching for lily roots. I have come on to a moose feeding in the bed of the river

and have seen it raise that massive head, shake the water from his snout and stand there glistening in the light and then discovering us leap to safety. It is the most beautiful ugly thing that I have seen in my life. I have watched it so often on my little island up in Minnesota. Don't think that it is an estate. It is just an acre and a half, that's all that it is. I had a letter from a party some time last week that said that the ministry must pay for me to have a \$20,000 yacht and a 100 acre tract of land. I hope that individual is listening today; I would like to set them right on it.

On this little one and a half acres which is ours—we never say 'mine' in our house, just 'ours'—last Sunday Mrs. Bradley listened to the services of this church, 600 miles north of here, sitting in our little cabin. Today she is in the audience personally. When she is 600 miles away I do not have to worry about it, but when she is here I have to watch myself.

I have watched Nature and I have never seen a tree scarred, I have never seen a sapling twisted—look at that part of a tree in the park at Evanston—I have never seen Nature wounded that Nature did not do her best to cover the wound. She will do her best to grow bark where you scarred her face. Have you ever seen an old log in the cool, fragrant woods that had been there until it had rotted—what happens? Nature covers it up with beautiful moss, and then sometimes through the moss the first voice to whisper to you the love song of spring will be the hepatica on the log.

Why cannot we learn from Nature? Look at us, what do we do with our scars? How often we try to keep the scar open by saying unkind things about each other and being critical and tearing each other to pieces and attacking one another, and doing

all that sort of thing. I am reminded of my dear old dog when I would—which was very rarely I assure you—have to correct or punish him. He would come back to me and put his cold, wet nose in my hand and say, 'I am here.' We fight each other, we lie about each other, we criticize each other, we keep the wounds of life open, but Nature never does, she does her best to heal them up. Let us try that too.

When I was out to Star Island off the coast of New Hampshire some years ago they told me this story, and with it I close. They told me this story, that on a late fall night on the rockbound New Hampshire coast a terrific storm came up and a ship was sighted in great difficulty, floundering out there on the rocks. The Coast Guards were commanded by an elderly captain who had seen much service in that part of the Atlantic seaboard. He had in his crew some younger men. They came down the shore with their boat, looked out over the sea and the violence of the storm. This, to me, is a powerful thing, ladies and gentlemen, they looked at the sea and one of the younger men said to the old man who was captain, 'Captain, do you not know that the tide is going out, that it is a north breeze and it is deepening? If we leave this shore to-night that tide and wind will drive us out to sea!' The old captain turned to him and said, 'Young man, we are going. We do not have to come back.'

THY NEIGHBOR

Who is thy neighbor?
He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning
brow
Thy soothing hand may press.
Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting
poor
Whose eye with want is dim;
Enter thou his humble door
With aid and peace for him.

—William Peabody

PASTOR'S CALENDAR

Preston Bradley kept the following engagements during the month of May:

- 1—Address, Woman's Club
- 1—Address, Admiral Hotel
- 1—Address, Teacher's Memorial
- 1—Address, Mayor Cermak Memorial
- 2—Address, Princeton, Ill.
- 4—Address, Chicago Woman's Club Theatre
- 7—Sermon, Peoples Church
- 7—Address, Uptown Players
- 8—Board Meeting, Peoples Church
- 9—Address, Federation of Women's Clubs, Wis.
- 11—Address, Belvidere, Ill.
- 14—Sermon, Peoples Church
- 14—Address, Uptown Players
- 15—Address, Junior Ass'n. of Commerce
- 18—Waukesha, Wis.
- 19—Waukesha, Wis.
- 21—Sermon The Peoples Church
- 22—Tower, Minn.
- 23—Tower, Minn.
- 24—Tower, Minn.
- 25—Tower, Minn.
- 26—Enroute
- 27—Opening Century of Progress
- 28—Sermon, The Peoples Church
- 28—Address G. A. R. Forest Home Cemetery
- 29—Address, Commencement, Coal City, Ill.
- 31—Two addresses, Lake View High School

FUNERALS

- 10—Mr. William Bell, Interment, Milwaukee
- 10—Mrs. Louis Williams, Interment, Acacia Park.
- 11—Mr. Floyd M. Brockell, Interment, Memorial Park.
- 17—Mr. Fred Bauer, Interment, Rosehill.

WEDDINGS

- 3—Paul Stewart Brown and Betty Elizabeth Schwartz
- 5—Donald J. Westlake and Sylvia Rassmussen

- 6—Kurt Manig and Glenna Lee Sylvan
- 10—Kenneth D. Waide and June E. Moereck
- 10—Joseph C. Mausby and Frances M. Eckstrom
- 14—Robert C. Hodgson and Esther E. Smalley
- 14—Orion M. Perrenot and Dore M. Willis
- 16—Paul A. Hessel and Grace Virginia Berggren
- 28—Wright Hedenschong and Margaret Bradley

UPTOWN PLAYERS

The curtain that rang down on the last play, "Two For Tuesday," for the 1932-1933 season had several other successes behind it.

"Two For Tuesday" the second original play produced by the Players this past season was written by Jean Lee Latham, and will soon be published by the Dramatic Publishing Co., Chicago.

The book will contain the original Uptown Player cast and director, J. Bradley-Griffin, as having created their respective roles, which they did so admirably.

"Two For Tuesday" marked the close of a very interesting season which, by the way, was the seventh year of the Players' existence.

Other high spots of the season were "In the Crowd" an original play by J. Bradley-Griffin, which was produced by the Players at the Goodman Theatre in December, and Ben Levy's, "The Devil Passes."

It has been the aim of the Uptown Players to produce each season, at least one original play. Hence, the Players feel that the past season saw some real creative work in "In the Crowd" and "Two For Tuesday."

"Two For Tuesday" a very funny comedy dealing with actors and their private lives in the boarding house in which they lived, closed the season on a high, humorous note.

In the large cast we found some of the old-time Players, who have not been with us for several years. One in particular, who carried an important role, that of the landlady who owned the boarding house and who finally became an actress herself, was Miss Dorothy Hoefer. Miss Hoefer will be remembered for her excellent work in the play "Dust of the Road." A play which represented the Players in one of the Goodman Theatre Tournaments. Another old-timer, one who has stood by us, and who now is indispensable, was Mrs. Gertrude Needham. Mrs. Needham played the role of an old-time actress.

Others in the cast were Tom McDermott, John Graham, John Wright, Mervane Severance, Charles Ludlow, Diana Gould, Muriel Anda, Betty Heth.

Miss Betty Heth who played the feminine lead should be mentioned for two reasons, one as having played her first role for the Players, and the second reason is that Betty Heth shows a natural talent, a very pleasing personality, with a truly naive manner.

Plans are now being made for the coming season which opens in October.

THE FLAG OF THE IDEAL

While on a visit recently to this country, Prime Minister James Ramsay MacDonald of England gave public utterance to a bit of high idealism in statesmanship, totally devoid of narrow partisanship or of narrow nationalism. There is hope for a stricken world when such fine ideals move statesmen to action.

This is what Mr. MacDonald said:

"Your skyscrapers can soar high, your millions can mount up to untold numbers, your prosperity may go on by leaps and bounds, but, America, most precious of all your possessions is your own soul. I come here on this mission not to advance material in-

terests, but in order that we two great nations, who can look behind with pride and before with hope, shall shake hands and shall pledge ourselves, not to any alliances (these belong to the old order of things), but to common aspirations — pledge ourselves that our two flags, wherever the work of God is to be done in this world, will be flying side by side in the doing of that work; pledge not to each other, as it used to be, but pledge to causes, standing side by side, straining our ears to listen to the divine call, ambitious of nothing, competitive in nothing, except which is to be the first of us to obey, and to carry it to successful issue.

"I represent no party in British politics today. I am here as the representative of a united nation. We have a genius, we have a faith. Ah, my friends, like the best individual among you, now and again we may have fallen from grace, but, nevertheless, there always have been a few of us—many of us—who have kept the flag of the ideal flying proudly above every other flag; and, as time goes on, as generations get more and more wise, it will be that flag that will remain flying and floating, and inspiring the people who lift up their eyes to it."

AS WE WERE SAYING

Resentment in the heart is just about as comfortable as tacks in the bed. As long as you are resenting something you can't enjoy anything. Even if your resentment is justified, the sensible thing is to forget about it and turn your thoughts to pleasanter things. Even if it is true that you have not been treated fairly, it is foolish to let that fact spoil all your comfort.—The Cross.

If you are looking for a chance to get even, you are just adding another burden to your cares.

TRUST

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue. He approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—Cato.

The aim of this terrestrial existence is to build character and to fit ourselves to live properly on this sphere, to develop our being to its highest possible expression and perfection, and to be a boon to our fellow beings; and then, all this done without any anxiety on our part we may trust Providence to take care of our future.—Goethe, *Memories*.

It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends.

There is something in the heart of everything, if we can reach it, that we shall not be inclined to laugh at.—Ruskin.

Success in life is not so much a matter of talent or opportunity as of concentration and perseverance.

Give to the world the best that you have, and the best will come back to you.

It is not doing the thing we like to do, but liking the thing we have to do, that makes life blessed.—Goethe.

Make it a rule not only to be prompt in all your appointments, but a little ahead of time.

"So long as there are human beings to reach for the stars, the world will move on."

Citizenship is not a matter of geography, it is a matter of conversion to an ideal.—Mary Antin.

"To have what we want is riches; to be able to do without is power."

A little bird has just broken its shell and boldly struggles to free its wings. A tiny bud has just bursted its pod and daringly pushes its way to the sun. An infant has just crawled to the middle of the room, and commandingly rises on its feet, and for the first time walks. A maiden suddenly feels the thrill of maternity in her bosom and exuberantly plights her troth to a lover fair, and motherhood is begun. A man, seasoned by years of achievement, is unexpectedly overwhelmed by misfortune and disaster, and forthwith rises from his heap and begins all over again. There is in life, call it what you will, a kind of instinct, something that responds to those that trust it, and which manifests itself to them as a comrade, sustaining, sympathizing, enervating and emboldening them for the untried, the unexpected and the seemingly hopeless. It can never be known who this is nor what this is, save by experience. Only when we act as if what we wonder about is true, do we create the proof of it through our valor. We need therefore to realize that our daring venture, and our realization is each proportioned by the degree in which we trust this elemental instinct of Life.

—Argow.

A GARDEN PRAYER

I never knew Thee, Lord, until
My garden brought us face to
face,
Revealed Thy gracious miracle
Of bulb and seed in little space.

Since I have seen Thine alchemy
Change earth-brown bulbs to
living gold
Of daffodils, Eternity
Has seemed a simple truth to
hold.

The incense-breath of mignonette
Has summoned me to vespers,
too,
And may I never more forget
To lift my heart, as pansies do.

No dim cathedral is as still
As twilight in this holy place:
I never knew Thee, Lord, until
My garden brought us face to
face.

—Molly Anderson Haley.

A PRAYER

Give us, O God, the strength to
build
The city that hath stood
Too long a dream, whose laws are
love,
Whose ways are brotherhood,
And where the sun that shineth
is
God's grace for human good.

Already in the mind of God
That city riseth fair—
Lo! how its splendor challenges
The souls that greatly care;
Yea, bids us seize the whole of
life,
And builds its glories there.
—John Oxenham.

There should be a hill-country
in every life, some great up-tow-
ering peaks which dominate the
common plain. There should be
an upland district where springs
are born, and where rivers of in-
spiration have their birth. I will
lift up mine eyes unto the hills.
—John H. Jowett.

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Published monthly by The Peoples
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Preston Bradley Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley.....

..... Associate Editor
Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison

..... Subscription Mgr.
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Wm. Saunders Business Mgr.
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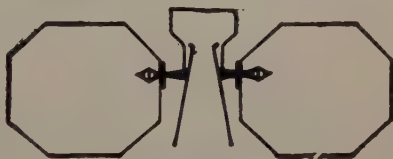
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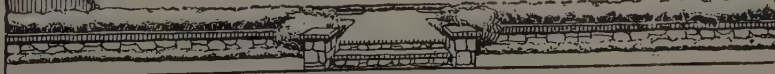
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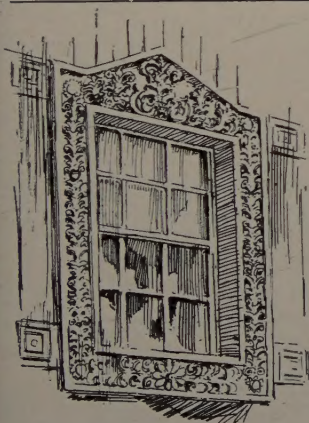
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